

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"LIBERTAS, PATRIA."—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1841.

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POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

"Mother, I'm dying now!
There's a deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd;
And on my brow
I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry, and tremulous, and my breath,
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—
Here lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead
Shall I be missed?
Never beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught me.
Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there."
"Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, the blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.
I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!
"Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've staid to watch the budding things and flow-
ers,
Forget it not!
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"
"Sister—my young rose tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
Give to thee.
And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done,
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"
"Now, mother sing the tune
You sung last night; I'm weary and must sleep,
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

SIMPLE REMEDY.—A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his ruinous habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.

Can you tell me how to do it? said the slave of his appetite.

Quaker.—If it is just as easy as it is to open thy hand, Drunkard—Convince me of that, and I promise you, upon my honor, that I will do as you tell me.

Quaker.—Well, friend, whenever thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it, before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again.

The toper was so pleased with this plain advice, that he followed it, and was a toper no more.

Many thousand dollars have been paid for inconvenient and painful prescriptions, which were worth far less than this. We publish it for the benefit of those who may be afflicted with the disease it is intended for.—Youth's Cabinet.

It is a bad heart in which the companionship of childhood produces no kind feelings, and he must be truly wretched when their innocent and light hearted joyousness will not cheer.

What can children know of death? Their tears over graves dry sooner than the dew. It is melancholy to compare the depth, the endurance, the far-sighted, anxious, prayerful love of a parent, with the inconsiderate, frail, and evanescent affection of the infant whose eyes, the hues of the butterfly, yet dazzle with delight.

In a recent familiar chat between Madam Aimz and the celebrated Dr. Humm, the lady took occasion to remark, that "the men of the present age, if for any one thing above another, are celebrated for wearing false hearts!" "Yes, my dear madam," pithily rejoined the doctor—"and the ladies for false bosoms!" Madam Aimz screamed.

GOLDEN SHOWERS.—Can any one calculate the amount of wealth added to the nation by our recent showers? Golden showers in very deed. Right plausibly have they shed their genial influence over all the land. The bright sun must sometime hide himself in misty veils while the clouds pour down their cheering treasures on the thirsty earth. Each little plant a leaf and flower and blade of grass, has its share in its proper season. No plant so small in all our wide domain as to live without heaven's kind remembrance.

"It's all up with me," as the man said when his lighted cigar fell into the keg of powder he was sitting on.

DEAN MARBLE'S LAST.—Dan was walking one of the streets of Buffalo, betraying evident signs of lameness, when he was accosted by a person who enquired what the matter was.

"Oh, the deuce take it, I'm troubled to death with corns."

"Why don't you get a pair of easy boots?"

"I got these easy enough, I am sure," said Marble, "I won them on the election."

"No extreme is as bad as another," as the man said when they hung him up by the heels.

Nothing is more easy than to do mischief, nothing is more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

When angry count ten before you speak, if very angry, one hundred.

"From gloom to glory," said the old prisoner, when he was removed from a dungeon to glory.

MAN AS HE IS!

BY M. GARDNER.

Looking abroad on man as he is and as he has ever been in his social relations, the heart of the philanthropist and the Christian cannot but be pained at the picture which is presented. Many have never done this. Millions have been born to an inheritance of suffering, deprivation and ignorance; and after living out their term of toil and sorrow—enjoying nothing but the few brief years of childhood, and these but partially—producing nothing but children to perpetuate the wrongs they suffer—and leaving nothing behind them but an increased number of human beings to swell the aggregate of human misery—they have gone down to the grave remembered only in the mental curses of those who inherit their share of hopeless servitude and degradation. And the few who have been permitted or enabled to cultivate their souls, and have thus been capacitated to think and understand the true condition of man and the causes which have produced it, have but a single motive and that a spiritual one, to speak out against the wrong they discover; while every earthly consideration, as present ease, reputation, and pecuniary interest, force to secure their silence.

A sense of duty to society may prompt the exposure of an individual wrong-doer; but even this is overcome, many times and often, by considerations of more weight with him or them who have cognizance of the wrong, than regard for public virtue. Who needs to be told that wealth and the respectability it purchases, is even in our own country, almost omnipotent? It has a place and an influence on the bench with the judge, in the pulpit with the priest, in the jury room, on the witness' stand, in the halls of legislation, in the pleading of the lawyer, and in the manufacturing or shaping of public opinion by conversation and the press. It has torn the bandage from the eyes of Justice, trampled on individual rights and the rights of the mind, broken the chain of the murderer, opened the door of the felon's cell, and cheated the gallows of its proper victim. The world can never know the amount of individual wrong which has been and is daily covered up by the potent influence of gold.

But when society itself deals wrongfully and unjustly towards its members, social obligation ceases to prompt exposure and condemnation. It is making war against society and society will exert her utmost energies to silence and crush him who has the fearless independence to speak out. None but him who regards his duty and loves all mankind as individuals—children of a common Father and brethren of one great family—with a love self-sacrificing and martyr-like, will attempt to do anything in their behalf. He who fully understands the wrongs of society to individuals, may profit by those wrongs if he will silently acquiesce in their continuance. Let those who love gold more than man, the praise of the world more than the approval of conscience, and present ease and profit more than duty, keep silent!

MAN as he is! Come with me and look at him! If your heart is not pained and sick, it is dead to human sympathy; Behold on this hand a princely mansion, with beautiful gardens, meandering walks, umbrageous trees, and flowering shrubs,—the home of a single individual with his family and immediate retainers. Turn to the other hand, and you shall see the comfortable homes of twenty families crowded on a less space of earth. Here a spring-like temperature pervades every apartment—there a lone widow is shivering over a fire of shavings which her little bare footed boy had gathered the preceding evening. Here the inmates are tossing uneasily on beds luxuriously soft and warm; there, nestled three or four on one, hard and scantily covered, the one group wondering when, and the other where they shall get their breakfast. Music from "instruments of many strings," mingled with "the voice of song," is echoing through these spacious halls; while on the other side of the way, a poor girl pale and wan with incessant toil, is hurriedly swallowing a homely meal, trembling lest she should exceed her allotted time for dinner, and thus lose a portion of her daily pittance of wages. Lamps innumerable, with flashing pendants or softening shades, mock the darkness without, and glance on joy lit faces within the rich man's mansion; while the poor mother in a small low chamber on the other side of the way, may be seen through her curtainless window weeping over the sick babe, whom she has been compelled to neglect through the day that she might earn wherewith to make it comfortable through the coming night. The full rich laugh of youth and buoyant hope shall every where come to your ear mingled with the sob of anguish and the stifled but bitter groan of human suffering. Your eyes shall see, in every city and village of our boasted land of equality, the palace and the hovel,—the carpeted parlor and the crowd of workshop,—the blanketed coach horse and the barefooted child—luxurious wasteful, God abusing extravagance, and pinning equal hunger, nakedness and deprivation. And a little removed from this scene, in some desolate & obscure place, if you will but look you shall find an almshouse, where unheard of suffering is hidden—and wretchedness, when it can no longer relieve itself by incessant toil, if not alleviated, at least is made less obtrusive!

Is this MAN as he should be? No! Mercy answereth, No! Justice answereth, No! Ye! mercy, justice, Christianity, God—are all unheeded. The press is muzzled; The pulpit is purchased with the wages and profits of injustice. The mass who toil and

suffer and perish unregarded, like the slaughtered thousands whose bleeding hearts are a conqueror's trophies, if taught at all, on the subject are taught by those who claim to be God-appointed teachers speaking in His name for that Creator hath ordered this misery for a two-fold purpose; as a present punishment and a foretaste of the hell of eternity for the vicious and impenitent; and for the virtuous poor, a blessed preparation for heaven, increasing the joys of another world by contrast with the wretchedness of this! Believe it not—it is false, and he who would have you believe it, knows its falsity. He has sold his own conscience for pearly gold, and daily waxes fat on the wrongs and injustices he inflicts or suffers to be inflicted on his brethren.

All things, animate and inanimate, were made for the sustenance and comfort of man, and subjected to his control, by the Creator. Yet man—made in the image of God, endowed with Godlike faculties, and with capacities for development and progress which mark alike his origin, his immortality and his alliance to Deity—man alone, of all the creatures He has made, is denied the exercise of his natural rights, and suffers and weeps and perishes for want of food and raiment and shelter. The bright sun's genial warmth and the refreshing rain from heaven which fructify the earth causing it to bring forth abundantly, bring no blessings for him who is poor. He has no field to be made fruitful, no corn grown for his sustenance, no flocks and herds to yield their fleeces, their milk, their flesh for his comfort or that of his innocent and helpless children. He is one of God's children, to whom the Creator hath given the earth for an inheritance, but his brother hath cheated him of his birth-right.

There is room on the earth for all! Why then are the many who "toil but to live and live but to toil," crowded in dark, damp cellars and garrets, breathing a polluted atmosphere in close ill-ventilated workshops, factories and sleeping rooms, and occupying poor, dilapidated and comfortless habitations? We answer because society—not God—has given the few the right to be born rich; and they—the few—in the exercise of their prerogative shut up the earth for their own exclusive occupancy—have engrossed all physical and mechanical power for their own benefit, and corrupted the fountain or checked the goings forth of that knowledge which should and would teach the suffering many of their just rights, and the way by which only they may be regained.

There is always on the earth an abundant supply of every necessary and every convenience fully adequate to the wants of all animated existence! The humblest and the highest, of beast and bird and fish and insect and creeping things have daily from their Creator a bountiful and ample provision for their wants. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without thy Father's notice." Man alone of all God's creatures, says or feels—"I am hungry, I am cold; I am homeless, shelterless, friendless!" Why is this? Deth God care less for thee than for these? Forbid the thought! While thou and thy little ones are suffering for food, thy neighbor hath enough for himself and thee! God careth for thee as much as for him; God gave thee, all that he gave him; but society hath interposed, and set His Laws His counsels and His requirements at defiance. God made him a man, and human law hath made him rich. He made thee too in the same form and endowed thee with the same capacities, but society hath made thee a slave because thou wert born poor!

There is that within thee, God created, deathless and divine, which tells thee thou art a man—one for whom all things were created, and to whose use all other creatures were subjected. Other creatures have wants in common with thee, but thou hast rights superior to their wants and adequate to the supply of all things own. And these rights were given thee by thy Creator—they are natural rights, necessary to thy existence, thy comfort, and the fulfilment of thy destiny. Canst thou not give or transfer thine existence is sustained, and the purpose for which it was given thee, accomplished. And what are these natural rights?

Your country's charter of independence, declares them to be "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We would be more explicit, and say thy natural rights are—the right to live—the right of self preservation and the right to cultivate and develop all thy faculties. Thou art proud to call thyself a freeman and the son of a freeman; yet thou hast in and of thyself, if thou art poor, none of these! Thy freedom is thy curse! If thou wert a slave, self-interest, if there was no law, would impel thy individual master to grant thee at least the two first of these. But thou art the slave of society—she has taken from thee all thy rights. Thou art allowed to exercise only while thou art in health and strong just so much of thy natural rights as can conduce to the profit of those who control society; and when thou art sick or old or worn out, if thou hast the means furnished thee of supporting life, it is called Charity! Desecration of the word—it is not charity; it is only Justice!

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An Englishman having asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses, to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp; to prison, through the law, and to the undertaker's through physic." "Have you any road to perfection?" said the Englishman. "—Yes, faith, we have but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom."

THE OCEAN.

BY JOHN E. EDWARDS.

The moment in which I caught a first glimpse of the far-distant waves of old ocean rolling in sublimity before me, can never be forgotten. Some hair-breadth escapes from the fang of a poisonous serpent, or the jaws of a voracious crocodile, might possibly be erased from the memory, by the obliterating hand of time; but while the faintest trace of past events remains uneffaced upon the tablet of my memory, the moment just referred to, will be vividly remembered by me. Since that juncture, many a sorrow has visited my bosom—many a tedious day has rolled into eternity many and varied have been the scenes that have passed before me; but still a recollection of that event is as clear to my mind as are the occurrences of yesterday; and as I look back to it, through the dim vista of by-gone days, emotions of a pleasing nature are excited in my bosom.

I had been cradled in one of the pleasant villages that skirt the blue hills of my native state; and when but a boy I had often sighed and wished to see the ocean. The thundering cataract, the deep, wild forest, the verdant-clad plains, the long sweeping valley, the reverberating echoes of the maddened thunder as it leaped among the mountain crags, the lightning scathed rock blackened and broken—all these things familiar to my juvenile mind; but I turned away from the contemplation of scenery that would have enchanted the eye of an artist, and sighed in disquietude, because my remoteness from the ocean had denied me the privilege of strolling upon its wave lashed shore, and listening to the music of its eternal song.

Time rolled on, and the wish so long and anxiously desired, was at last realized; and for the moment, it seemed that my every wish was gratified. All that I had read in the poets, and other fine descriptive writers, above the wide expanse of waters, at once rushed upon my mind, and especially that celebrated apostrophe of a well known poet, to the ocean in which he says, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean roll." Yes, that was the idea that first occurred to my mind—"roll on;" and the thought was carried out in the language of a justly praised American poet—

"And there it rolled! Ago after ago has swept Down down the eternal cataract of time; Men after men on earth's cold bosom slept Still there it rolls, unending and sublime."

PRENTICE.

Since that time I have frequently rambled upon the shell-paved strand, at the close of day, when the sun-set streamed along the west and felt that

"There is a rapture on the lonely shore— There is a society where none intrudes— By the deep sea—and music in its roar."

At such an hour, while the sun has yet lingered upon the golden verge of the horizon, painting a parting smile upon the white clouds of canvases that moved like spectres along the bosom of the deep, I have stood and gazed out upon the rolling ocean, with a rapture that is indescribable. From the point of vision the winding shore stretched away to the right and left, as far as the aching eye could follow its sinuous course, while the ever-dashing surf, like successive wreaths of snow, rolled upon the sandy beach, and foamed, and sparkled in the last rays of the setting sun.

But the sun has often gone down, and left me still upon the restless waters; the winds have retired to their caves, the curlew has ceased to scream along the blast, and a stillness has come over "the deep deep sea." Night has approached as softly and silently as the snow flake falls upon the bosom of the rolling stream. The white winged bark that seemed to linger for awhile upon the farthest verge of vision has been gradually concealed from the view, as the sky and ocean seemed to mingle and blend beautifully together, like the lights and shades in a well executed painting. "The sea, the open sea," has been spread out before when night has been heard upon the evening breeze, save the solemn roar of the surf, or the sea-bird, as it flapped its dripping pinion in lonely solitude over the briny deep.

Nothing is more impressive than to stand alone at nightfall upon the silent shore and commune with the ocean-buried—to stand and think of the millions upon millions of our race who have been plunged beneath the wave, and found their last resting place in the caverns of the deep—to call to mind the unnumbered thousands who have gone down to their coral beds amidst the howlings of the storm, and the shrieks of despair—to muse on the bright eye, the beautiful forms, and golden tangles that lie forgotten in the sea! O, what melancholy reflections are awakened in the mind at the recollection of the late Palaski, and the more recent loss of the steam-ship President! How many of the lost had thoughts of home and friends—the nearest friends—to come over the mind, just as the wave charged with their destiny swept them into eternity. But I forbear.

Sometimes I have seen the ocean lashed by the raging tempest, until its lofty foam-capt billows seemed to brush the clouds; and when the mountain surges, beating violently upon the shore, have been "dashed into feathery clouds of foam," white as the driven snow. Again, I have seen it when its wild tempest music was hushed, its billows lulled to repose, and when scarce a ripple broke upon the sand. In this quiet state there may possibly have been a gentle swell—something like the heaving's of a infant's bosom, when sweetly slumbering when its polished surface like a boundless mir-

ror, reflected distinctly and minutely the vessel that stood motionless upon its bosom. Indeed, the azure vault of heaven, the solitary bird on the wing, and every object above the waters, were as clearly seen in the waveless deep, as above its surface.

But the ocean appears most beautiful when seen on a soft moonlight night. Let the evening be calm, and the sky unclouded; and let the moon, "regent of the silent night," ride at her "full noon," and shed a fleecy robe of light upon the trembling sea, curled up into playful ripples by the light and gentle breezes that just kiss its surface; and let there be indistinctly seen in the distance a light skiff, cutting its liquid way, and faintly heard the regular dash of oars, accompanied by the boatman's wild song, flung upon the passing breeze, and you have a scene that might enchant a Byron, or a Lamartine.

The ocean was made by the mighty God. His hand formed its caverns, and girt it around with barriers of sand; and it was he who said to its thoughtless billows,

"Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." But 'tis midnight; and

The ocean's wave is gleaming now, With streams of phosphorescent light.

From the Boston Post.

THE BEST STORY EVER TOLD.

A correspondent has sent us the following capital story, over which we have laughed until our sides ached.

"We had a pleasant trip from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and had scarcely landed at the latter place when the bell of a little steamer, for 'up the river,' sounded. Our party hurried on board and found the diminutive craft already crowded; but, as we never expect very good accommodations on that part of the river, and no other opportunity offered for leaving soon, we concluded to remain. Upon looking around to see what chance there was for amusement on our trip from my fellow passengers, I was particularly struck with the appearance of an elderly lady, who seemed very ill at ease.—Every time steam was allowed to escape from the boiler she appeared to fancy it the prelude to a grand explosion, and was evidently in a state of continual excitement. As she is to be my heroine, I may as well attempt to describe her, although I shall hardly do her full justice. She was one of the latest women I ever saw, but the effect of her height was taken away by her immense breadth. She was one of McDonald Clerk's style of beauties—"with a waist like a cotton bag and a foot like a flounder." Never did I see such a moving mass of flesh encircled by a petticoat. Oh! she was very fat. Upon inquiry I learned that she had been a passenger on the steamboat F—, at the time it was burned a few years ago, and narrowly escaped with her life. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the catastrophe of Ben Sherrod, by which some scores of hapless mortals were hurried into eternity through the combined agency of fire and water. What wonder that the that the woman was alarmed at the prospect of a steamboat voyage.

After we left the landing, the principle topic of conversation among the passengers was the numerous accidents which had lately happened. Nearly every person was equipped with a life preserver, and some were so cautious as to hang them up in their birches filled with air and ready for use at a moment's warning. Night came and all were snugly ensconced in their berths, when there arose the cry of fire! The wood on the bow of the boat had caught fire, and was blazing fiercely up, shining through the glass doors of the social hall and the cabin windows until the whole boat seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. In an instant all was confusion and alarm. Passengers tumbled out of their berths, and over one another; some grasped their preservers—some ran for their baggage—some for their wives—the wise ones kept quiet. In the midst of the hubbub, the door of the ladies' cabin flew wide open, and out burst our fat lady, dressed all in white, her face "a map whereon terror was drawn in all its shapes." And around her waste a huge life preserver, not inflated. Seizing this by the nipple with both hands, she rushed from one to another exclaiming, in a voice of agony, "blow me up! blow me up! for God's sake blow me up! will nobody blow me up!" Had the old lady actually exploded, I must have done as I did, roll on the floor in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, with half the witnesses of the scene for my companions. The boat was stopped, the fire got under, and, not the least difficult operation, the fat lady's alarm subdued. The next day we landed her at her place of destination, since which time I have never seen her, but the recollection of the scene has cost me many a fit of the side ache.

Yours truly, N. S."

RATHER SPIRITED.—Yesterday about lunch time, a young gentleman with spectacles stepped into the "American" and called for a "social agent."

"A what?" asked Michael.

"A fiscal agent," was the reply—"don't you know what that is?"

"No, sir," said Michael.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the gentleman with spectacles, in great astonishment "I thought every body knew the new fashioned drink."

"I never heard of it—but I can give you something which is much better," said Michael.

"What is it?"

"Brandy and water, to be sure—that does not need so many amendments."

Michael's motion was taken up and adopted without opposition—the eyes and nose being 'unanimous.' *Penny.*